

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 5, 1887.

VOL. XV.—NO. 1.

## OLD WORLD TOPICS.

Lord Randolph Churchill's Successor Appointed.

Effect Produced on the Government and in Other Political Circles.

General Belief in a Coming War—Notes from Europe.

Lord Randolph Churchill has succeeded in securing the honor of having been the most distinguished man in Great Britain for the past fortnight. His accession from the ministry, and his refusal to return to it except on his own terms, has been the subject of a vast amount of discussion, naturally enough, varied by the political feelings of the writers. It is evident that he aimed at the expulsion of some others from the cabinet, who were to be won over and added to his influence. In these days, his hostility was especially directed against Lord Godolphin and the former home secretary, Sir Richard A. Cross, who has also become a peer since last year. He could not succeed, and has left the cabinet indefinitely, promising, however, a loyal support of the government, where he could not approve the course.

The peculiar conditions under which the present government holds office will be utilized to good advantage in any political situation. The last election contest turned on the question of a separate Parliament for Ireland. There is no going back on that fact, and the government has been forced to yield to the demands of the Liberals, many of whom refused to vote for the bill, and others supported the Irish home rule. Thus the issue of the election was a distinct Union triumph, but the Conservatives, who had been supporting the bill, remain in office without the majority except with the aid of the Liberal seceders.

There was an open war between Lord Hartington, Mr. Gladstone, and other Unionists, representing the secession from Mr. Gladstone's Liberal party, regarding their support of the bill. The object of the landlords, presumably, is to get the tenants into the Bankruptcy Court, where they can be easily compelled to give up their rents in order to satisfy what they have been promised.

The strike of the street railroad men in San Francisco last week culminated in a riot which for a time seemed as if it would develop into a wholesale street fight. A number of strikers gathered on the corner of Geary and Franklin streets, and the first car coming into the city was attacked by them with such violence that the "grimed" conductor was driven from the car, and the passengers forced to fly for their lives. The men followed, smashing the windows.

To recover the rent of an entire estate by that method it would be necessary to set aside all the money received in the rents, and overturn would be made to the Marquis of Hartington to take the head of affairs, allowing the present prime minister to be compelled to yield to the demands of the rebels. As it was, the bill was declined. As a final outcome of the matter, Mr. G. J. Gresham has consented to take the vacant place.

He has given his leave to the rebels on something more solid. He has held several ministerial offices in Liberal cabinets, and has good influence on matters of finance, with which he will be called upon to deal in his new office. No strike of roadmen has ever been so violent or overt as was made by the Marquis of Hartington to the rebels.

It is in keeping with the line of policy adopted by home rule rebels to assume that Lord Randolph rebels because he wants to live in a country where he has no property, and that he has placed the funded rents where they cannot be recovered.

His rebels, in fact, have no remedy against the plan, and only those of them who are stupid and obstinate will fight, while the rest will be compelled to make terms and be thankful for a rounder sum than they will have been able to collect themselves had the plan not been formed.

## GLOOMY PROSPECT.

War and Collapse of Some Great Power Inevitable.

The Vienna correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph says: "The prospect for the next two months is lively enough to warrant a bet." The same author adds: "I am interested in the events of the last few weeks, and I see the case of one, at least, of the greatest powers and of two or three minor States."

The elements of disintegration are not confined to Turkey, and it is a mistake to suppose that in case of war Bulgaria is the only small country whose existence would be imperilled.

While there is considerable anxiety for the immediate future, everybody feels that the new year opens under unpleasant auspices.

What we may reasonably expect is that the Austro-Russian alliance will be dissolved in consequence that the country will turn to Mr. Gladstone as the only man who may be trusted to bring about a general peace.

With all his political boldness, and notwithstanding his threats as to Russia and the East, he is likely to do nothing.

He has given his leave to the rebels, and Lord Salisbury has shown the most humiliating weakness when he came to decide what he really wanted to avoid.

The aspect of affairs on the continent, almost universally conceded to be just, to the most drastic repression of every liberty, is not likely to be a permanent feature. The Balkan epoch is not a permanent. There is no reason in itself why it distinctly is not on the part of the government, it is quite possible that the right and the similar party hold a different opinion when they are restrained from the liberty of assassination and outrage.

The author of the article predicted the breakup of the cause in a canon on an average every forty-eight hours since it was first published.

One of the statements is equally well founded on the part of the government, and if it is not steadily maintained, it will be imperilled.

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leans occasionally bring up on the reefs in the vicinity of Key West.

The exemption from disaster of our blockading squadrons during the war was owing to the fact that there were experienced coasting captains serving in almost every ship. The success of blockade-runners depended on the skill of the pilots they obtained at Bermuda and Nassau, N. P. But it may be said that a practical knowledge of our coast can be obtained by colonial coasters. Yes, but while they are acquiring it our own coasters would starve them to death. So far, therefore, as our coasting trade is concerned, we have nothing to fear from foreign competition.

DUNCAN MCLEAN.

## THE WINTER SPORTS MOVEMENT.

The growth of winter sports among us indicates a drift of great promise for good social results, and deserves every possible encouragement. The theatrical season of nature has generally been supposed to include only the summer months. Hence, as the vernal curtain rises, the society curtain in the great cities falls, and when the summer door opens into nature's charmed avenues is wide open, the door of the society mansion is nailed up.

But now a marked innovation upon the old traditions seems to have sprung up. Some of the leading society people of New York are remaining in their country residences outside the city over winter. Wherever reasonable accessibility to the opera and concert of the metropolis is possible they prefer the light and picturesqueness of the country, dreary as is often the background, to the brown stone stall of the city. Meanwhile the corner grocery, the butcher shop and the peanut stand have become established institutions on the most exclusive heights of Murray Hill, while the screech of the hawk is heard on the most fashionable intersecting streets.

With this tendency of fashion to permanently ruralize itself the taste for winter sports and recreation in the open air is rapidly materializing into various institutions by which to oxygenize a physically deteriorating race—and happily none of these are weighty ones, nor is that the complexion of the new Canada-Pacific route across the continent will add a mighty link in the ever-lengthening chain of international communications.

of the marine casualties in each harbor show.

Senator BOYD further insists that for ocean freightage from the West St. John also has the advantage, water conveyance being less than on land, St. John having longer water route with shorter rail. The cost of railway service, too, is 20 per cent greater in winter than summer, besides the extra cost of snow-blocks, which shippers are not slow to learn when estimating relative expenses of different ports. St. John, too, being the heart of the Provincial railway system, from and to which all goes and comes, it has in these roads feeders from every section, including Nova Scotia, with P. E. Island during the fall months. By rail and ocean a cargo of wheat or barley can be landed in Liverpool, via St. John, from Winnipeg in twelve days, and from Chicago in eighteen days.

While it is possible that the enthusiastic New Brunswicker, from whose article we have quoted, takes a somewhat rose-colored view of the Dominion's railroad development and of St. John's future, yet there is no question whatever that the facts he parades are weighty ones, nor is that the complexion of the new Canada-Pacific route across the continent will add a mighty link in the ever-lengthening chain of international communications.

## WHEN TO EAT OYSTERS.

The Tribune (N. Y.) is a trifle unreasonable, as it seems, and hard to please in some things. It scolded away with much temper when the custodian of the New York Post Office building hoisted the flag at half-mast without waiting for orders from Washington on the death of Hon. HUBERT O. THOMPSON. Under its rebuke, Mr. FRYER, the custodian, apologized—almost apologetic—for his breach of official duty at that time. Determined to be on the safe side thereafter, he waited for the proper orders to hoist the flag on the death of General LOGAN. And now the Tribune scolds again at Mr. FRYER's tardy action. The hapless custodian appears to be in the position of the man who borrowed money from an acquaintance that he might get something to eat. Shortly after the lender found the borrower in a restaurantyclerview devouring oysters. The lender was angry, and reproached the cater for taking oysters for his lunch. "Look here," said the reproved man, losing patience, "when I have no money I can't eat oysters; when I have money you don't want me to eat oysters? When do you want me to eat oysters?"

## EDITORIAL POINTS.

Of the great triumvirates that held the Senate 200 solid for Grant through thirty-six battles at Chicago in 1880, only one remains an active force in American politics—DON CAMERON. CONKLING is absorbed in law and LOGAN is dead. It was a mighty trio six years ago, and it starts a curious train of thought to reflect how differently the course of our political history might have run had they succeeded in their cherished project of nominating GRANT for a third term.

"Senator EUSTIS of Louisiana, in his witty and forcible speech to the Merchants' Club, made a good point on the sugar duty question. As he truly says, the duty on sugar is almost entirely a revenue duty, and not a protective impost. Tariff reform will not begin and end with a reduction of the duty on sugar, incalculable taste and leisure to invent attractive institutions for the furtherance of open-air winter recreations, to take the place of the dives, dens and pent-up localities where the masses seek unwholesome amusement."

Roscoe CONKLING is a true friend, albeit an uncompromising enemy. He found no difficulties in the way of attending the Senate chamber, although he had no right to be there again to visit that room of cast at such time as he could go back as senator. CONKLING is grand both in his likes and dislikes.

It is said that should the ecclesiastical trial now going on result in the condemnation of the professors, the Andover students would almost without exception leave the institution.

Thirty-five years ago there were only five miles of railway built in Canada. Today over 11,000 miles have been constructed within the boundaries of the Dominion.

Senator BOYD of St. John, a gentleman very well and favorably known in Boston railroad circles, who pens his review for our St. John contemporary, says that New Brunswick's share of this grand total is 1300 miles, built at a cost of \$30,000,000. Canada, in claims, now ranks first of any country in miles of railway to population.

In defiance of all legislation, and it might have been to the credit of the editor of the St. John paper, he has got himself into trouble.

Maine shipbuilders complain that the year just closed has not been a prosperous one in their line of business. Better luck this year. By the way, is it not just possible that a change in the shipping laws might make an improvement? Could the laws be worse than now?

The attention of the country is once more invited to the fact that it is a Republican Senate which is opposing the renomination of a colored man for recorder, and that it is a Democratic President who insists that a colored man shall be given a fair chance. Make a note on't.

The British Columbians have called the boycott to their aid to drive out the Chinese. Merchants employing them are not to be traded with. The boycott is setting to be as universal as the measles.

President CLEVELAND will give the best office within his control to the man who will return to him his former freedom from rheumatism, and no civil service questions asked.

At San Francisco the Methodist ministers recently met and debated the question, "Who Was Cain's Wife?" We suppose it was settled long ago that she was Mrs. Cain.

Congressman RANDALL must not permit himself to be placed in the attitude of opposing harbo're defences.

Senator PLUMM has bought the Atlantic & Danville railroad. Hereafter it will be known as the Plumb line.

THE WORLD.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox in New York Mercury.

The world is a queer old place.

You had better conceal any trouble you feel,

If you want to kill his pride,

No matter how heavy your burden—

Don't tell him about it, pray,

He will only grow weaker and shrug his shoulder.

And hurry up, like a fool,

But carefully cover your sorrow,

And the world will be your friend.

If only you'll hurry your woes and be merry

He'll tell you to close to the end.

Don't ask him to lift one finger,

To light your lamp, because

He will always sit by, but silently bear it

And he will be loud with applause.

The world is a vain old fellow.

You must laugh at his sallies of wit.

No matter how brutal, remonstrant he is,

And frowns will not change him one whit.

And since you must journey together,

Down paths where all mortal feet go,

Why, like hounds more savor to keep in his favor,

For he's an unfeeling fox.

Editor of the Albany Argus.

He who had an intimacy with Daniel Manning, Grover Cleveland and the various parties will be interested to learn of the New York State. Hardly any city in the whole State has so much dependence upon the State government as Brooklyn. The

## TOWNSEND'S LETTER.

Newspapers in Brooklyn  
and New York.

Interesting Chat About Kinsella and  
Other Able Editors.

Circumstances that Make the Herald  
Popular and Patronized.

New York, January 1.—The new year comes in according to the condition of the household. The world without is generally the same; though it blows cold and rain dead cats we can stand it if all within is sound. The last ghost left is poverty, with its satellite of disease. When shall we ever see a new year without them? As the newspapers have a habit of issuing New Year's address I may go on with mine and say what is like in window lights. The Brooklyn Union undertook to become a musical organ and has had to be reorganized, and the young man sometimes called Foord, who expected to astonish the natives with it, is said to be remanded to an employ's place. The understanding in Brooklyn is that he is put in \$20,000 bond saved from his salary on the New York Tribune for standing on the editorial platform. The Herald is a good paper, and the Sun also prospers. Either of these five papers would be a fine Christmas gift. The new manager of the Herald is a good man, acquainted with all kinds of men, and has been a good paper for everything. The Herald is a pretty shrewd paper maker, putting out his money for prize animals to write for him, and he thought it would be an easy thing to make a journal in big a town as New York. The Times is a good paper, but it is not so good as the Herald. The Herald has a long good will in this city arising from several currents of support.

Coming over to New York, it may be said that the things here are

Supposed to be Prosperous.

somewhat in the following order, the Herald still first, the World making much money, the Tribune occupying nearly the same; though it blows cold and rain dead cats we can stand it if all within is sound. The last ghost left is poverty, with its satellite of disease. When shall we ever see a new year without them? As the newspapers have a habit of issuing New Year's address I may go on with mine and say what is like in window lights. The Brooklyn Union undertook to become a musical organ and has had to be reorganized, and the young man sometimes called Foord, who expected to astonish the natives with it, is said to be remanded to an employ's place. The understanding in Brooklyn is that he is put in \$20,000 bond saved from his salary on the New York Tribune for standing on the editorial platform. The Herald is a good paper, and the Sun also prospers. Either of these five papers would be a fine Christmas gift. The new manager of the Herald is a good man, acquainted with all kinds of men, and has been a good paper for everything. The Herald is a pretty shrewd paper maker, putting out his money for prize animals to write for him, and he thought it would be an easy thing to make a journal in big a town as New York. The Times is a good paper, but it is not so good as the Herald. The Herald has a long good will in this city arising from several currents of support.

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It is said that the Herald is a good paper.

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## THE FATAL NAME.

BY JULES DE GASTYNE.

Translated from the French for THE GLOBE by MRS. R. TUCKER.

## PART SECOND.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

*"It is he," Faule cried, "it is he!"**"Then she knew what to expect him. She knew that he was alive. She had no time to think, for he was brave. She was happy, nevertheless, to think that he was winning distinction.**Then the details arrived. For a fortnight she had been in a state of suspense. The young girl was radiant. It seemed to her as if a ray of his glory descended upon her. She prayed constantly that he would return.**At the Drouet's they affected not to speak of the young man. They pretended not to have received any news, and they discreetly affairs of Tonquin after dinner with M. Briare, but now they did not breathe a word of the battle in which Octave had been wounded.**Faule devoured the newspapers. She ran through the Tonquin despatches from one end of the office to the other, looking for news in them of him who filled all her thoughts. But now the telegrams were silent regarding Octave.**The last word had come to him from Hanoi and was out of danger.**Anxiety took possession of Faule's heart.**She saw him dying in his chair,**and the news of his wound.**Nearly three months passed thus. The young girl was visibly thinning away. Her mother lamented. This situation could not last. M. Briare more ardent than ever begged M. Drouet to come to a decision.**The latter had no choice but to let his daughter, showed her greater sympathy every day. He had said to his wife and to his friend that he would break the child's will.**"Ah," said the mother, and she looked at Faule who had turned pale.**"We are bound in love with our daughter, and he does not wish to delay longer."**He stopped at a movement made by the young girl. She had risen abruptly, and was looking steadily at her father with a resolute air.**"I am very well, father," said she,**"that is, it is used,"**"indeed."**"I will not marry M. Briare. I do not want to be married. I have already told you, and I repeat it. I will not reconsider my resolution.**The young rose in his turn, pale with rage and his eyes flaming.**"We will see about that," cried he.**"It is all seen. I will not marry! I will not be married. You will be dragged, if necessary," said her father violently, "but you will marry M. Briare."**"Now, I do not wish to see this man again, if he comes back. I warn you that I will shut myself up in my room and will not see him."**"What, then, has he done to you?"**"He is odious to me. I frankly told him that I did not love him. I only told him that he was a scoundrel, and his persistence in pursuing me with his attentions. If he had been honest, he would have withdrawn immediately."**"He did not believe that you were in earnest," said her father, ironically.**"Why not?"**"I have something to him about a chaste love affair. But now there is no force in that."**"What, then, has happened to destroy my love?"**"It has happened that he who was its object has abandoned you and thinks of you no more."**"This is me no more!"**"If he had loved you, would he have enlisted?"**"It was despair that pushed him to it."**"Very well! In any case he will think no more about it. He is dead."**"And I am chafing over your mouth to see if he has a sound escape from her."**"She extended her arms and fell backwards at full length upon the floor. Her mother uttered a shrill cry."**"My child! My child!"**"She was as cresty as ever, with a shade of sadness tempering the vivacity of her features. How dare she happen to be so unfortunate a lover in horror. You see, Faule, that it is no easy to forget me."**"The lady in black took her by the arm."**"Yes, you, too, have suffered."**"I love him as I would a king, as I would a son. And he has suffered, too."**"Faule has turned pale. She uttered a cry."**"Madame! 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## HOWARD'S LETTER.

Some New York Men Who  
Live by Begging.

Aristocratic Beats of  
the Big City.

Decayed Merchants Who Once  
Rolled in Riches.

Actors, Playwrights and Au-  
thors All on the List.

Characteristics of Some of the  
Leading Beats.

**NEW YORK, January 1.—**Within the past few days a young lady came to grief in this city, being charged with misappropriating funds that had been given her for the avowed purpose of founding and establishing an old man's home. The idea of the woman, and a young woman at that, should unhook herself from the world, and especially evoke a smile of incredulity; and yet, if there is anything upon the face of God's earth more lonely, weaker, more like a baby than an old man, friendless and without money, I have yet to see it.

All rivers run to the sea, so it would appear that all men sooner or later turn their faces toward the cities. An expert police captain estimated the other day that there are daily in the city of New York 200,000 strangers, and the number of visitors does not include tramps or mere runners in and out from Jersey City and the like. There are certain localities in the city that are each a nucleus of hard-up individuals, who, though not tattered and torn, are as ready as some of their more rugged brethren. They are men who live on their wits. Very likely, if situations were found them, they would be honest, industrious, temperate; but there is a screw loose somewhere, and such a loose fitting as a person's occupation—not only never opens itself to them, but apparently never is sought by them. Delmonico's down town, the Astor House rotunda, the Morton House on Union Square, and the Fifth Avenue Hotel are the chief resorts of this class of men. In Delmonico's you meet old-time merchants, brokers, brokers, ruined speculators, fellows who in other days roosted on the topmost perch of fortune, and decayed merchants of the public variety.

It occurred to my this morning that, just as I was about to visit one of these places and see how many of these men about town I could pick up in the course of half an hour's observation, I went first of all to Delmonico's, and had barely passed inside when I ran across an old-time Union general who has a fair war record, and a one-time member of Congress. He was seated at a table in the middle of the room, and I asked him what he was doing there. He was shocked at my appearance, for, although dressed with scrupulous neatness, his old-time army hat looked tame and puny beside his present cap. He accepted me, and, as he drew near, that peculiar odor of mustard seeds, which seems to belong to a heavily drawn person, who is not a drunkard, and has very well that he could not afford to make me to indulge, although it was comparatively early, and I said, "I am here to get a drink, and somehow I asked him to take a drink." His business necessitates my being in and about this place ten hours every day, so I say, "I am here to get a drink," and when I say that I do a dozen applications for money are made to me every day of the 365.

There I found all manner of men, old-time soldiers, political bummies, journalists, dead beats, poor actors, and that undesirable set of men known as hangers-on. I do not regard men who have bona fide enterprises in hand, and who desire to prove themselves to be honest, industrious, and frugal. My observation and experience teach me that promoters, as a rule, are men without money, who are quick to appreciate good points in an enterprise, and have a knack of inducing other people to invest their money, a very small portion of which is given by the promoter himself. This is given to the capital. This sort of thing I suppose is legitimate, and as one of them I say to me, "The genuflection this consists in is that you are to pay for a thing of which you are to have the right to buy for nothing." In one sense it is illegitimate, but as the world goes it is all fair, I suppose it is best to let it go.

At One Time Held High Office

In a big city. His name, for several reasons, is better known than that of many a greater man. I knew him fifteen years ago, when he held a political office, the income from which was between \$20,000 and \$40,000 a year. For several consecutive years he was a generous liver, saved nothing, and, I dare say, joined and gave away more than he ever received. He was a relation of the cares of office, he entered the practice of his profession, but the bar he was seen in, and the most pretentious, was a highly-furnished silver-lined counter, over which choice whiskies and expensive brandies found their constant way. I do not know whether he is still alive, but he was shocked at my appearance, for, although dressed with scrupulous neatness, his old-time army hat looked tame and puny beside his present cap. He accepted me, and, as he drew near, that peculiar odor of mustard seeds, which seems to belong to a heavily drawn person, who is not a drunkard, and has very well that he could not afford to make me to indulge, although it was comparatively early, and I said, "I am here to get a drink, and somehow I asked him to take a drink."

I am sorry to say for the good of the house he did not come in.

I was not here for that purpose.

I leaned against the cigar stand and waited.

Presently a straight, solid-looking person came in. To make a very long story short, he explained to me at great length the merits of a peculiar wood-cutting machine, of which he has exclusive control, and which he has sold to the inventor for \$100,000 cash; no sir, not for cash.

He stopped at another great length for the comparatively small sum of \$2000 I could share and share alike with him in the course of this marvelous machine, and I listened with interest to what he told me, but after the first, prior to which time I should be very busy, I would look at it, and perhaps we could do something.

"Well," said he, "all right; if I haven't disposed of it by that time I will bring it to you next week." On the way, he told me I must have \$2000 ready, and I excused my inability to accommodate him.

"Well," said he, "suppose you make it \$5?"

Of course, I agreed, and I began to accede to each and every request of this nature, imperial as is the income I enjoy from the treasury of THE BOSTON GLOBE, for after all, rather a lame game, so I declined.

After a little he moved off and in turn I shot off a very brief off, and in turn well known as a semi-retired writer, written of thirtysix habits and great unreliability, of whom it is said that he once made a wager with a man he met in a bar, that he would ask of a dignified looking stranger standing near them the loan of \$5, approaching the stranger.

"Will you have the kindness to loan me \$5?"

The man looked at him for a moment, took him back to his mark, and, in a tone that rang through the house, said:

"Do you take me for a d— fool?"

"Why, yes," replied he, "or I certainly should not have asked you to lend me \$5,"

I asked him what he was doing there that time, he was looking rather an owl, and I tried to dissuade them, telling them

## BURNED BY A MOB.

Scenes at Charlestown Fifty-  
two Years Ago.

Destruction of the Old Nunnery by In-  
furiated Citizens and Firemen.

Buzzell's Trial and Acquittal on the  
Charge of Arson.

PITTSFIELD, N. H., December 24.—On the shore of one New Hampshire's beautiful lakes, surrounded by the friends of his youth, and kindly cared for by loving relatives, lives a man who was once tried for his life, and whose trial and acquittal caused greater excitement throughout eastern Massachusetts than any criminal procedure since the Boston Massacre.

John Buzzell, the leader of the mob which burned the Charlestown nunnery, on the night of August 11, 1834. He was born within a short distance of where he now lives, in 1805, but when a young man he left home and learned the trade of brick making, in which he was employed when called upon to lead the infuriated rioters in their work of destruction, and lay open a site for the erection of his present home.

The stories of his youthful prowess in wrestling and hand-to-hand fights contain many thrilling scenes, and the stage is his, too, for two weeks in a year; the rest of his time he spends in criticism; he knows him very well, and is a kind of utility man with the Convay in the park Theatre in Brooklyn, and is a very good, well-meaning fellow, but impossible not to be a scamp. He is a good boy, and makes no bones of asking for a loan of twenty-five cents, and this is what he did on this occasion.

He obtained me down town until 5 o'clock, when I took the elevated car as far as Fourteenth street, and walked along it well into the evening. I can assure you, however, that a few years ago, was the home house of the Pickwick, the corner Broadway and Fourteenth street, turned into conversation with Sheridan. I spoke with him, and he loaned two men each \$5 and refused a third. I asked him what was his experience in that line was, and he said:

"To tell you the truth, I am waiting for you, some other good soul to low lend me \$5."

He had been in getting out of jail,

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